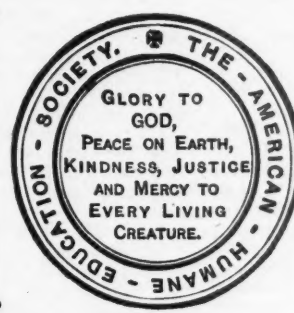


# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.  
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.  
"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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NEW ELECTRIC AMBULANCE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

For Our Dumb Animals by THERON BROWN

## OUR WINGED SONGSTERS



R. Young declares that

"The undevout astronomer is mad."

We might assert with almost equal assurance that the undevout ornithologist is mad.

Normally the man or woman who spends a lifetime studying the feathered tribes should solemnly dedicate the result to the universal Creator, and inscribe the offering with Josephine Preston Peabody's words:

"A morning nest of birds for Thee  
To whom all birds belong."

The two surviving mementos of a lost Eden are the flowers of the sun and the birds of God. They both retain the innocence of the primitive garden days, the former in the beauty of their still life, and the latter in their countless graces of voice and motion, and their wealth of suggestion to the world of mankind.

When God commanded "Let fowl fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven," He broadened animal life with the one supreme freedom—the freedom of the sky. The gift of flight was a charter to enjoy the wider glory of His first decree. "Let there be Light," meant wings to the thought of Henry Ward Beecher when he wondered if God did not omit something He meant to put in when He began—and finally left man without wings. But after thousands of years it is easier to say man does not need wings than to believe the Creator intended to stimulate man's invention, and tempt him to annex the air to his dominions. Human beings are imaginative animals, and the more ethereal things that fly are object lessons of imagination. The atmosphere would be as commonplace as a turnpike if it were not reserved for and swarmed with feathered poetry; and it would be a dull world where no class of animal life could do one thing that man cannot do. Far beyond their gift of flight the birds are an inspiration to us, and we can find and enjoy the reason of their creation without breaking the Tenth Commandment. They can sing as well as fly.

"Old as the heart are they,  
Birds of the every day,  
Older than sorrow."

And when Madison Cawein said that, he heard in their sweet voices some echoes of the sinless life of the first paradise, and Mrs. Browning, remembering that

"Still the generations of the birds  
Sing through our sighing,"—

could think of no gladder praise for God's little optimists. It was something more than a trance that rapt the soul of Charles Kingsley when he heard a voice in the night, and wrote its answer to his question:

"O, come you from the Isles of Greece,  
Or from the banks of Seine,  
Or from some tree in forests free  
That fringe the Western main?"

"I came not off the Old World,  
Nor yet from off the New,  
But I am one of the Birds of God  
That sing the whole night through."

So we can listen in spring with Sidney Lanier, when

"..... the wise bluebird  
Puts in his little heavenly word,"

and thank our Maker that some voices "older than sorrow" are lent us to help us worship Him. Whence came the gift of song? In our search for the time, place, and circumstances of its birth we grope in the twilight of imagination, where the instincts of the oldest nations harkened to the morning stars. The old Runic book of Bavaddas explains that one mysterious word

in the "Ancient Secret" was the sacred word "Rhian," and follows with the legend: "The birds of Rhianon sang till the Angels of Heaven came to listen to them; and it was from their songs that were first obtained both vocal and instrumental music." Chants sung to the harp by human lips, being thus magically (or divinely) taught, it was the duty of the bards to listen to singing birds, and so by perpetual lessons of nature bring Celtic minstrelsy to the highest possible expression. Here, as in every inquiry into the origin of music, myth takes the place of history, and poetry of prose; but, besides the above story, many legends of hoary age agree that melody points upward for its pedigree, and that its first makers were the birds of God. They are with us yet, and singing the same songs that their tuneful ancestors warbled to Lamech and Jubal before the Flood.

## TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN

We must still maintain the long, hard fight against the wearing of plumage by women. Oh, you intelligent, Christian women, this long dark chapter stands written against you. You persisted in this cruel, barbaric custom till whole races of our most beautiful birds have been annihilated. What libraries of literature, what preaching, and teaching, and lecturing and legislating to prevent women from doing that which the first impulse of civilized, humane feeling should have repelled. The battle is only yet half fought. If next year that bedizened goddess of the demi-monde in Paris, Fashion, should come out, her worthless head tired with a crown of dead birds, half the civilized world would begin again its slaughter of the innocents. Oh, women of our schools, of our churches, our homes, your convictions are not yet deep enough, your feelings keen enough. To wear a dead bird should be a social offence, an intellectual disgrace, a religious sin. Yes, we must come back to that. It must be a matter of religion, for until we see and feel God in all his creatures we shall never come into those original relations of truth and beauty which are worthy of the God and Father of us all. I wonder at the dullness and slowness of our hearts among the works of God. If we were invited into the studio of some great world master, crowded with the rare creations of his brain and heart, how would we seek to get into his mood, to see with his eyes, to feel with his instinct? How careful lest a careless motion or rude touch should mar one of the objects upon which he had lavished his skill and taste and imagination? How much more shall we walk among these rare and strange and beautiful creatures of our God, in all reverence and love, eager to come into his mood, to catch the spirit in which he creates, to find in joy and delight the beauty and perfection which gladden his heart. "Not one of them is forgotten before God." How can they be forgotten when they are life of his life.

JAMES H. ECOB, D.D.

## A TEACHER'S CREED

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth, the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and the joy of serving another. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the school-room, in the home, in the daily life and out-of-doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living: Amen.

EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER.

## SHALL WILD LIFE BE SAVED?



REGARDING our duty to wild life, we have lived in a fool's paradise until our lease has expired, and the day of reckoning has arrived. Shall we arouse and do what is vitally necessary to protect our miserable remnant of wild life? or shall we sleep on, and let it be altogether destroyed? asks Dr. William T. Hornaday in *The Independent*.

The destructive influences that are operating with such deadly effect everywhere east of the Alleghenies are not confined to the East. They prevail all over the United States; and the worst of it is that they can not be wholly eradicated without a great general movement on the part of the mass of the people, state by state.

The killable game has been reduced to so low a point that, speaking generally, we have today in the United States not more than one bird and one quadruped for every ninety-nine that we had forty years ago.

Today, the number of hunters in the United States is enormous. In New York State there are, according to a careful estimate made by the president of the New York State League, about three hundred thousand active gunners, who hunt at least once every two years. Imagine what it means for an army of even one hundred thousand armed men to take the field every year in this state against our miserable remnant of game birds.

The commercial interest of game-selling, gun-making, and feather-working are terribly destructive influences. It has been demonstrated over and over again, all over the world, that no wild species can withstand exploitation for commercial purposes. In every case it means speedy extermination. Even the whales of the sea can not survive the modern steam whaler and the awful harpoon cannon. Look backward at the American bison millions, the fur-seal millions, the passenger-pigeon millions, the pinnated grouse and quail millions, the South African elephants, the Guadalupe elephant-seal, the great auk, the egrets of Florida and Mexico, the mule-deer of Colorado, the alligator of the South, and the beaver of the north. Where are they all?—Destroyed, annihilated, exterminated, by greedy and rapacious men who wished to convert their remains into cash.

How much longer is Christian "civilization" going to stand for such doings?

I know a Massachusetts game-hog who went to Great South Bay, and in two days slaughtered ninety-four ducks; and he told me of it afterward without the slightest sense of shame.

The greatest scourge to the wild game of the East is the sale of game. From Maine to Florida, that should be stopped immediately and forever, for all wild game.

The salvation of our wild life now depends upon the average citizen, and what he conceives to be his duty toward it. The wild life is worth most, as a public asset, to the millions of men and women, boys and girls, who love the outdoor life, the woods and the waters, but who do not shoot at all! The wild birds and beasts should be preserved for them.

How can it be done?—By creating a demand for it. The majority of lawmakers are quick to respond to the voice of the people. Ask for a bill against the sale of game; a bill to shorten all bag limits and open seasons; a bill for a long close season for any species that is threatened with extermination in any state; a bill to prohibit the use of automatic and pump guns in hunting; a bill to prohibit spring shooting; and a bill to prohibit the use of the plumage of wild birds for millinery purposes, excepting game birds.

The fight for the remnant of wild life is on. Where do you stand?

"Man is the only being who enjoys the terrors, wounds, and death of others, the only animal that kills in sport, and for sport."

For Our Dumb Animals

## THE HUMANITARIAN'S INVOCATION

Dedicated to Mrs. E. W. BROOKS of Pasadena, California

Come, thou eternal omnipresent light  
Of justice and humanity; thou that  
Hast illumined a constantly increasing dome  
Of sympathy for all created things;  
Thou that hast penetrated the hidden  
Recesses of the human heart, in all  
Ages and in all climes, and made of man  
A responsible and conscious king, endowed  
With power to wrest from nature all her truths,  
And to transform the cruder elements  
Into potentialities of god-like  
Wisdom, nobility, and strength; thou that  
Hast peopled water, earth, and air with forms  
Of myriad, differentiated life,  
Assigning each its sphere of work with power  
To suffer and enjoy; thou that hast made  
The lily blossom and lent the lark its song,  
Thou that hast thrown from off the negro's neck  
His yoke—Come, kindly light, and lead us on.

Enter the mind and heart of every man,  
And cause them to expand like rosebuds in  
The spring, until they scatter sweet essence  
Of sympathetic understanding among  
Our common brotherhood. Guide thou the steps  
Of those in tender years, and those whose dull  
And undeveloped lives cause them to be  
Oblivious of the sufferings of all  
That live and feel, and teach them to be kind.  
Open the eyes of avaricious greed  
To the folly and iniquity of its  
Encroachment upon the sacred rights of youth,  
And minister to the suffering of those  
Whom sickness and misfortune have deprived  
Of independent help, restoring them  
To useful lives of happiness and hope.  
Dispel the need of war and unfair strife;  
The gloom of superstition and ignorance  
In all the walks of life, and help us bear  
Success and joy with sweet humility.  
O send thy beams of just compassion over  
The owners of the Western Plains, where dumb  
Defenseless creatures, without shelter and  
Protection, search in vain for food and drink  
Until each winter thousands of them starve.  
O turn the X-ray of thy radiance  
Upon the scientific halls of pain,  
Where human demons perpetrate a crime  
That rivals e'en the tortures of a hell.  
Restrain thou too the hands of those who long  
For recreation, to destroy with trap  
And gun, our little brothers of the field.  
Awaken public conscience with thy beams  
Of incandescent strength, and bring about  
Improved conditions in the abattoirs,  
And on the painful road that leads to death.  
O let thy gracious warmth descend upon  
All icy fashion's halls, and thaw the hearts  
Of those who cause our birds to be destroyed,  
And those who 'buse our faithful friend the horse.  
Infuse the gleam of gentleness into  
The lives of those who have the custody  
Of all domestic animals, and let  
Them comprehend thy golden rule of love.

O make this earth a nobler temple for  
Thy varied sentient children. Give us all  
The wisdom and the patience that we need  
To deal discreetly with the problems that  
Confront us in the ceaseless chain of time.  
O lend us all the inspiration of  
Thy rainbow-colored promise, and atune  
Our minds, our hearts, and purses with the truth:  
That kindness and justice are the hope  
Upon which rests the future of the world.

HUGO KRAUSE,

Chicago Anti-Cruelty Society.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## Maimed



O the white fawn is in the land  
Of the living, is she?" ex-  
claimed Rand, at the close  
of Dick's story. Upon being  
reassured by the latter that  
she was, he sat down that  
very afternoon and wrote  
Judge Tinkham about it.

The Judge was sarcastic in his  
reply, but ended by saying that  
he supposed the hunting season  
would find him down in Maine  
as usual. It did—he and his companions of  
the previous trip. On the arrival of the party  
at Rand's camp, the Judge asked:—  
"Well, Rand, where have you the white fawn  
corralled this time? Got her as securely as you  
had her last year?"

Rand dropped his eyes as he answered:—  
"Not as securely as I thought I had her last  
year. At last reports she was at the head waters  
of the West Branch."

"My, that's a long way off!" and the Judge's  
friend sighed. "Are we going to walk all that  
distance for a white fawn? Might as well stay  
here and shoot at a mark, so far as any results  
I can foresee from the tramp."

"You can speak for yourself, Carver," sneered  
the Judge. "If you think it as profitable, I  
suppose we can let you stay."

But the whole party tramped off to this  
distant destination.

"This is going to be the grandest hunting trip  
of my life," declared the Judge. "Heretofore I  
have kept around the outskirts of the forest;  
but this time it is a plunge into the wilderness.  
It means 'the simple life' and 'near to nature's  
heart' for us. I presume it will be cold camping  
out, Carver, so you can stay behind, if you are  
not up to it."

"Me stay behind—a member of a Roosevelt  
Club? No; they would give me a strenuous  
grand bounce!"

The party enjoyed the trip. There was no

reason why they should not, for the scenery was  
superb and the weather was Indian summer.

"Then followed that beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer  
of All-Saints!  
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;  
and the landscape  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-  
hood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless  
heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in  
harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in  
the farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of  
pigeons.

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,  
and the great sun

Looked with the eye of love through the golden  
vapors around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and  
yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering  
tree of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned  
with mantles and jewels."

"Ah!" observed Carver, as the Judge finished  
this recitation by the evening camp-fire. "That  
hits the weather all right; but does your picture  
of peace fit in well with a hunting expedition?  
The weather we have been having is simply an  
ally to bloodshed. If it had been stormy, we  
would have gone back!"

"Well," said the Judge, "think of the subject-  
matter of the poem, if you want to reconcile  
the weather with the acts we are committing.  
The Indian summer seems always to have been  
an ally to violence. What I have repeated is  
but a picture from the story of Evangeline. No  
more persistent case of 'forever hunted' is on  
record. A sad story; and yet we read it every  
year! I believe the world loves misery."

"Certainly a case of 'forever hunted.' It re-  
minds me of the white fawn. We are after her



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

AMERICAN BISON

—let's see? How many times have we been up here after her?"

"It looks as though we were not going to even see her this time," said the discouraged Judge.

In this, however, he was mistaken. The party did see her the very next day. She was a fine two-year-old now, and by her side ran a proud young buck.

This sight put zest into the hunting of the Judge; although Carver said it resembled murder too much to him to have it real enjoyable. "If she were a man-eating tiger perhaps I could get excited."

"What do you come up here for every fall, if you don't enjoy the sport?" The Judge was a little nettled.

"Well, that's not easily answered," returned Carver. "Probably fashion has as much to do with it as anything. You know 'one may as well be out of the world as out of fashion.' All the men in my set go hunting in the fall. Before I began to go, they were continually saying, 'Why don't you get out into the wild and have some life?' For no better reason than that others went, I followed."

The season was about drawing to a close. They would hunt one day more and then get back to civilization. They started early in the morning and hunted the brookside and spring-holes, where the hoof-prints showed fresh in the damp soil, hoping that the deer would come to drink, when they intended to take advantage of their thirst and shoot them.

"Noble idea," said Carver ironically.

"Seems to me you had better take to preaching instead of continuing the practice of law," retorted the Judge.

"I don't know but I would if I thought it would improve my humanity; but the minister of the church I attend goes hunting, and it is partly because of his influence that I am here. No, it's bad enough for a lawyer not to live up to his highest ideals, without degrading the ministry."

They hunted all day, but at nightfall were rewarded. They were near a spring-hole when a pair of deer came to drink. The animals stood by the spring, first one taking a swallow and then the other; and between each drink they would elevate their heads and enjoy the cool, refreshing liquid as it ran down their throats.

Carver was watching them with interest. "A good deal like humanity," he thought.

The Judge had been poking his rifle through the crotch of a tree and was taking aim.

Crack! went the rifle.

There was a snort of surprise at the spring, and the pair started to run away. At first it looked as though neither had been hit; but after a step or so, the doe fell. She rose again and tried to hobble away on three legs. The fourth hung useless.

The buck had gotten ahead of her a few steps at first, but when he missed the doe from his side, turned back to see what had become of her. Back he ran and circled about her, endeavoring to encourage her to proceed by low bleating, and to divert the attention of the hunters while she was making her escape.

When Rand saw what had been done, he fired, intending to put an end to the doe's suffering; but by reason of the roughness of the way and the dim light, missed.

Rand and the Judge put in fresh cartridges and started in pursuit.

"Are you not coming?" asked the Judge of Carver.

"No," replied that individual, "I've seen enough of this business;" and he went back to the camp.

The hunt was unsuccessful in the darkness, but was taken up again in the morning. The animals, however, had made good their escape. Their course was traced for some little distance by a trail of blood, but by and by it was lost.

The Judge was much disappointed at the result but, being of a persistent turn of mind, said to Rand, as he was stepping into the car on his return to the city:—

"Keep an eye on that white doe! I mean to have her yet!"

(To be continued)

## JULY

When the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragon-fly,  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees.  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The corn-flower's cup awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

## HIS FAITHFUL HORSE

One Sunday morning an aged man was leading an old horse across the commons of the city, and out towards the suburbs, when a passer-by asked him where he was going.

"I am looking for a little green grass and some fresh water for the old fellow here," he answered, stroking his companion gently on the neck.

"I would send him to the boneyard or the glue factory, if I were you," said the stranger with a sneer.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice; "if he had been the best friend you had in the world, and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty-five years? If the children that are gone, and the children who are living, had played with their heads on him for a pillow, when they had no other? Sir, he has carried us to mill and to meeting, and please God, he shall die like an honorable old horse, and I will bury him with these hands of mine, if he goes first. Nobody shall ever abuse old Bill, and if I go before him, there are those who are paid to care for him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had spoken first. "I cannot blame you for not wanting to part with the faithful old animal."

And the two who had toiled long years and grown old together resumed their journey.

**Train the donkey to do his work kindly; he is neither deaf nor unfeeling—therefore bawling at him and belaboring him only confuse and frighten him.**



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YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT

## HELPING HIMSELF



N one of the hottest days of the early summer a horse was left standing by the curb in one of the public squares of a large city. The hot pavement reflected heat that was well-nigh intolerable and a broiling sun poured down upon him. Flies persisted in lighting upon his sweaty sides and legs

and biting his sensitive flesh. He pawed and stamped and switched his tail and tossed his mane continually to drive away the pests and this made him the hotter and more nervous. Worst of all he was suffering, as so many other horses suffer in hot weather, from thirst. With imploring eyes he looked at each passer-by. Few noticed him and those who did strangely failed to interpret his wants.

Over in the middle of the square there stood a bubbling fountain which a wealthy city had provided for its thirsty human citizens. Men, women and children directed their steps to this oasis and there drank and were refreshed. The horse saw this steady stream of people approach the fountain, tarry a few moments, and then go away with a more satisfied air. He had that kind of sense which men sometimes ascribe to their fellows as a compliment. He wanted water. It was there, bubbling out in a tiny streamlet, difficult for a horse to get, but necessary. With the wagon to which he was attached, by degrees he drew nearer the fountain and when a little girl who stood on tiptoe and quenched her thirst had stepped aside he saw his opportunity and plunged his nose down to the scanty stream. People stood still and watched him as with long gulps he drank his fill and then carefully backed away.

Men have seen horses and other animals slake their thirst before, but the sight of the horse drinking at that fountain at once set them to thinking. A movement is on foot in that city to erect a suitable drinking fountain for animals and there is every indication that it will be successful.

## HE LOVED HIS ANIMALS

In the fire which destroyed the stage of the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, in May, there perished ten persons including the well-known American illusionist, "The Great Lafayette." Two of the performer's favorite animals, a horse and lion, were also burned.

Lafayette gave his life to save the animals he loved. At the outbreak of the fire he immediately rushed to his dressing-room and released his dog, a companion to his beloved hound, Beauty, who had died only a few days before and whose body was then lying in state in Edinburgh. Afterwards, he immediately went alone on the burning stage, where were his magnificent black horse and the caged lion which played a leading part in the performance of "The Lion's Bride." He was passionately fond of both these animals.

The fire had gained a firm hold. Heavy beams were falling on the stage, which was aflame everywhere. A theatre official attempted to stop him, imploring him not to run any further risks and to leave the building. "I must save my horse and my lion," said Lafayette. They were the last words he uttered. A moment later he was in the middle of the flames on the stage. His body, distinguishable only by the sword he wore in "The Lion's Bride," was found amid the wreckage of the stage near the charred remains of the horse.

By Dr. W. L. WILLIAMS, Professor of Veterinary Surgery, Cornell University

## CRUELTY TO HORSES FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A VETERINARIAN

Extract from Lecture to Horsemen of Buffalo under Auspices of Erie County S. P. C. A.

**C**RUELTY to horses is largely a question of proper intelligence, and partly, as in all human affairs, a matter of temper. It is so much better for the owner, the driver, and the public as well as the horse, that ordinarily we might well omit the thought of premeditated cruelty.

When a driver whips a horse he usually does so through anger or excitement and does it unwisely. It is possible to punish a horse prudently and effectively but that is not cruelty. It may be said, however, that ninety-nine per cent. of the blows which horses receive are unearned and harmful. It is a common observation that many drivers whip a horse immediately after he has shied from some passing object, like an automobile, which he does not understand, and which fills him with terror. It may be necessary to ply the whip to the frightened animal in order to keep him from turning and upsetting the vehicle or colliding with other objects and thus bringing disaster, but once the terrorizing object has been passed, the whipping of the horse for having been frightened is unalloyed cruelty which only serves to infuse greater terror in the animal toward the object and cause him to be more frightened at the next meeting. Every horseman of experience knows well how futile and injurious it is to punish a horse for stumbling or making other errors in step, like interfering. In the vast majority of cases horses stumble because they are the victims of some pain, distraction or impediment. In many cases there is some trouble in the feet or limbs not amounting to obvious lameness and in endeavoring to lessen the discomfort the foot is placed improperly resulting in a stumble, to be followed all too often by lashing from the driver. In other cases the horse stumbles because badly shod, or the harness fits him badly or the checkrein is drawn too tightly so that the head and neck can not be properly used. If breeching is used, the horses may be confined between collar and breeching in a manner to impede his freedom of motion. In all the cases it is evidently cruel to whip a horse for stumbling. The cruelty of whipping a horse which is overloaded is quite universally recognized except by the angry driver.

Certain stoical horses may bend harder to their task under the lash but our best horses rather rebel. Almost any horse will draw as heavy loads as asked of him without resort to the lash, so that when a load has been made so large as to require its application to the horse, the cruelty is doubled; it is cruel to load so heavily and cruelty again to goad the horse beyond his practical strength. And it does not pay. It discourages the horse so that he becomes unreliable, sores his disposition and constantly lowers his efficiency.

Often of course a teamster unexpectedly becomes stalled with his load owing to encountering wholly unexpected conditions as, for example, a driver puts on two tons of coal which he is to deliver at an unknown point. He knows the streets are normally level and good and that his team can readily handle the load over these. Perhaps he unexpectedly finds the streets torn up and crossing a ditch he becomes stalled. Neither driver nor horse is responsible for the dilemma. Embarrassed or possibly angered by the mishap, the driver too often applies the whip. He is out on the street and everybody sees that he is stalled. If he can get out of this dilemma by whipping his horses he too frequently does so.

### Standing Too Long Injures Horses

In cities to a great extent, horses are not continuously worked during the working-day but spend a considerable portion of their time standing waiting for the load to be received or delivered. A brief wait affords a rest but a long wait does precisely the opposite. It is not generally recognized by drivers that causing a

horse to stand hitched for long periods is exhausting and inhumane. This is especially true of the single horse in thills where his movements are confined within very narrow limits.

It is a notable fact among veterinarians that spavin, ring-bone and similar lamenesses are most seen in those horses which are worked irregularly and are frequently compelled to stand still, tied to a post and hitched to a wagon for prolonged periods. It constitutes a type of cruelty to animals regarding which there should be a better understanding among owners and drivers. It is just as truly cruel to the horse as is overloading and overdriving. This form of cruelty is usually observed mostly among small trade people or artisans like a plumber, who has no great amount of work for a horse yet needs one available at all hours. The result is that he is kept almost constantly in the wagon, tied most of the time in an uncomfortable position at a hitching-post in the rear of the shop. Not infrequently by long use, a hole is worn at the hitching-post so that the horse must stand with his fore feet much lower than his hind feet, with the thills preventing any movement from side to side. Normally, a horse bears about sixty per cent. of his total weight upon his fore feet and every inch

that the ground or pavement upon which his fore feet is lowered increases directly the percentage of weight to be borne on these and decreases that borne upon the hind feet. When the time comes to release the horse from this tiresome position, the driver, too often an inexperienced boy, thinks that the long period of uncomfortable standing is best counterbalanced by furious driving whereas in fact his long confinement at the hitching-post has wholly unfitted him for rapid driving. Furious driving is recognized generally as cruelty but it is scarcely, if at all more truly cruel than keeping a horse tied to a hitching-post day by day. The results of overdriving are more obvious because the horse can thus be killed in an hour. We might say that overdriving is acute cruelty while overhitching is chronic cruelty. The one leads to a dead horse, the other to a pathetic cripple. Each extreme should be recognized as cruelty. It pays to unhitch a horse if he is to stand for thirty minutes. It rests him and frequently prevents runaway accidents.

For Our Dumb Animals

### BILLY AND I

Billy and I are the greatest of friends,  
We live on the very same street;  
In the very same yard, though not the same house,  
We are often accustomed to meet.  
You have probably seen us in Willowby Lane,  
For together we go out to ride;  
We canter along and we gallop and trot,  
Though sometimes we walk side by side.

When apples are plenty and pears fit to eat,  
We always have captured our share;  
And sometimes this Billy will get more than his,  
For he surely is liked everywhere.  
We never have quarreled and never we will;  
Are we kind to each other? Of course!  
You doubt it? Such friendship is rare?  
Well, Billy, my friend, is a horse.

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

Ashaway, R. I.

### WHY THE HORSE ROLLS

Horses are fond of rolling on the ground, and no animals shake themselves more thoroughly than they do. The habit is of much service to horses living on open plains.

On being turned loose at the end of a journey an Arab horse rolls in the sand, which acts as blotting-paper, absorbing exudations from the body. A shake removes the sand, and the coat soon dries. Cavalrymen in hot climates sometimes put sand on their horses as the simplest and quickest way of drying them.



From *The Animals' Friend*

"SELL HIM? WOULD YOU SELL YOUR BROTHER?"

## FAMOUS ANIMAL PAINTERS

## III. BRUNO LILJEFORS OF SWEDEN



BRUNO LILJEFORS, as a painter of animal life, ranks with the few great ones, though even then he takes a place of his own because of the absolute originality in his choice of subject and treatment. He has never painted horses or cattle, and but rarely the dog, while the wild animals of any country but his own have never even been studied by him. It is as a painter of birds, the birds of his native Sweden, that he is celebrated.

In childhood he drew and painted the Grecian heroes and the sea, which he had never seen. Later he took up the painting of landscapes. When a young man he spent a few years in study, part of which time he was under the instruction of the animal painter, Professor Deyker of Dusseldorf. Upon leaving the Stockholm Academy he withdrew himself and his models—tame and wild animals, birds and four-footed beasts—to his country home in an out-of-the-way village in the north of Sweden, and became one of the most individual personalities of modern art. He lived a kind of new settler's life, surrounded by his family and his animals; and it was there that he applied himself to study in earnest, with Nature as his teacher.

Liljefors knows his models, having studied them carefully at first hand. He says that when he first saw a wild animal in its natural surroundings he was spellbound, as was also the case when he first saw a bird's-nest. He represents the sport of birds in the sunshine, the hare sitting solitary upon a snowy field of a gray winter afternoon, the hound, the household of foxes, quails, magpies, and reed sparrows as they hide shivering in the snow. He knows the life, nature and habits of his subjects with an accuracy not inferior to that of the scientifically educated zoologist, but with the imagination of the artist he has reached the very life interest itself; and this imagination is filled with the knowledge of life, and never soars off into indefinite dreamings. Speaking of this himself, he says:

"We generally regard animals in the same way that an inhabitant of Mars, suddenly transferred to this earth, would regard human beings. He would only notice the different races, types, castes, and not the individuals. Neither do we see the animal individuals, but it is just these which I try to depict. I paint animal portraits."

He also admits that the ignorance of the public in regard to this sometimes grieves him, and that it pleases him whenever he finds any one who can see, for instance, how old one of his young sea-fowl is. In one or two cases the zoologist has come to the front at the expense of the artist, but this is exceptional.

In the early part of the 1890-decade he moved out into the Stockholm archipelago, and this opened up a new and important era in his art, which became even bolder and stronger than before. After making frequent contributions to the Paris Salon without exciting any special attention, Liljefors introduced himself to the

German public in 1892, exhibiting his pictures in Munich. In the Thiel Gallery in Stockholm, incomparably the finest collection of modern Swedish art in existence, are to be found his most renowned works from this period. In speaking of his later work, Tor Hedberg writes:

"There came a time when all that Liljefors, during these many years of intimate association with Nature, had gathered of knowledge, of impressions and sensations, shaped itself into great pictures and visions. He has gone into the darkest forest and stood eye to eye with the eagle-owl, sitting motionless on the rock, staring with its yellow light-shunning eyes—a picture of the trepidation and fascination of solitude. Or he goes out on the plain lying bathed in the cold light of early springtime, still brown and hard with frost in the ground, stretching in undulating lines towards the forest horizon, and his love for his poor barren country has shaped itself into a picture, the picture of the wild swan, which, with stretched necks and the gleam of the evening sun on their plumage, descend towards the glittering surface of the water."

The two subjects reproduced on this page, "The Falcon's Nest" and "Gulls Resting," are each owned privately in Sweden. His knowledge of these birds,—gulls, eagles, falcons,—as well as of the game birds, is most intimate, for he has studied them at all seasons and under all conditions.

Murder sums up the spirit of Liljefors' painting as follows:

"Throughout all his pictures there runs a deep and unforced sentiment, a reverence for the mysticism of nature and the majestic sublimity of solitude. Living out of touch with the artist world throughout the whole year, surrounded only by his animals, and observing nature at all seasons and all hours, Liljefors is one of those men who have something of Millet's nature, one of those in whom heart and hand, man and artist, are united."

## PROTECTION IN SCOTLAND

In Edinburgh, Scotland, a new order has been made by which the taking and killing of any wild bird and the taking or destroying of the eggs of any wild bird are prohibited throughout the year.

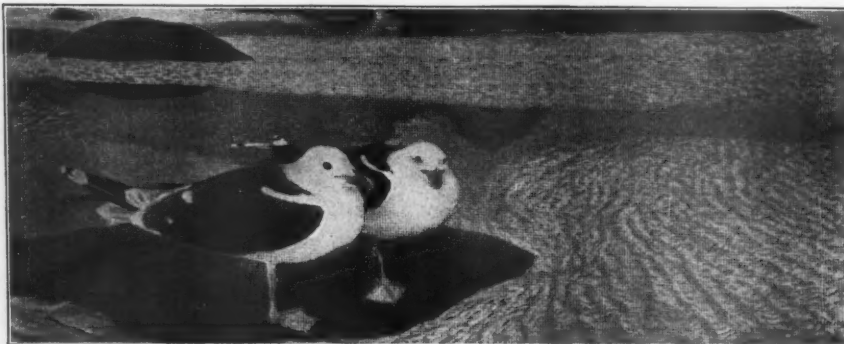


THE FALCON'S NEST

## SOME BIRD RIDDLES

An amusing exercise can be made of this by a class of children. Have each child recite a line, then let the whole class give the answer together; or, *vice versa*.

1. There's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow. Swift.
2. One which boys use when with long strides they go. Stilt.
3. One, we're told by the poet, at Heaven's gate sings. Lark.
4. There's one which in Holland the new baby brings. Stork.
5. Which bird is an artisan, works at his trade? Weaver.
6. And which is the stuff of which flags are made? Bunting.
7. There is one that a farmer in harvest would use. Thrasher.
8. And one you can easily fool if you choose. Gull.
9. What bird, at dessert, is it useful to hold? Nut-cracker.
10. And which in the chimney place oft hung of old? Crane.
11. Which bird wears a bit of sky in its dress? Bluebird.
12. Which one always stands in the corner at chess? Rook.
13. There is one built a church of London the pride. Wren.
14. We have one when we walk with a friend by our side. Chat.
15. What bird would its bill find useful at tea? Spoon-bill.
16. And which would its tail use to steer with at sea? Rudder-duck.
17. Which proudly a musical instrument wears? Lyre-bird.
18. And which the same name as a small island bears? Canary.
19. Which bird is called foolish, and stupid, and silly? Loon.
20. And which always wanting to punish poor Billy? Whippoorwill.
21. From a high wind at evening what name is inferred? Nightingale.
22. Guess these and you're wise as Minerva's own bird. Owl.



GULLS RESTING

## "MIKE" OF NEW ORLEANS



THERE lives in New Orleans a dog whose life has been so eventful and whose friends are so numerous that some account of him will interest readers of *Our Dumb Animals*.

"Mike" is a Russian terrier, born in London, who for many years followed the seas. His honest ways won friends both afloat and ashore, and with his first master, who was a sea captain, he visited most every port in the world. Officers and sailors made much of Mike and every one seemed to regard him as a member of the crew. Some time ago Mike's master fell sick in New Orleans and died, and no one felt sorrier than Mike. Thereupon his sea-faring days were over and he was adopted by another kind master. His roving disposition has changed until he is now contented to live quietly and enjoy the hospitality of his many friends.

An unusual experience lately befell Mike. The S. P. C. A. was notified that it was the desire of the owner that Mike be destroyed. When their agent answered the surprising call, he found no such request had come from the owner of the dog. Investigation showed that a postman, with a grudge against Mike, had made the call. It is probable that Mike had bitten this postman, who had once kicked him merely because he was in his way.

Mike is a unique character,—a queer, stocky, crippled old dog, but as much a part of Gravier street as the big national bank opposite his master's house.

## "MY LOWLY TEACHER"

Those eyes look as if they were searching for something that we two might hold in common and so have a silent understanding of each other. Is it something higher than can enter his dog consciousness? I am often moved to respond: "It's you and I, Caleb. We do know each other in some things, don't we?" And there comes a twinge of pathos in it, too; and, oddly enough, it sets me thinking of what an apostle once said about a whole creation groaning in pain and travail together, waiting for some adoption which should redeem the body. I am sometimes silly enough to ask him: "Do you too, Caleb, belong to that vast continuous line of upward-looking, onward-looking things? Are you, too, dimly conscious of waiting for something which is destined to come somehow by the way of the higher orders? Does the First-born of every creature make his relationship felt in some far-off way even as you?" He never answers me except by that wistful look, which vanishes as soon as I begin to theologize; but the look has on me the strange effect of worship, so that I am almost afraid to recall the bishop's sonnet. Who am I, to be scrutinized so? What is man's office in the sum of things, when such great liquid eyes are gazing up at him from below?

JOHN FRANKLIN GENUING  
in *Harper's Magazine*.

## A DUTIFUL DOG

A shepherd had a favorite dog, which had been his faithful companion for many years. One day this shepherd went to remove a flock of sheep from one fold to another. They had to pass by a gap in the hedge, where the shepherd told his faithful servant to watch, saying, "You stand there, Jack."

After the man had led his sheep to their new fold he went about other work, and thought no more about the dog until the evening; but then, when he was sought for, he was nowhere to be found. The next day the shepherd chanced to remember what he had told the dog to do the day before. He immediately set out to the place where he had left him, and to his delight found him at his post of duty. The poor animal was much pleased to see his master, but he did not move from his post until he was called. Might not many children learn a lesson of obedience, steadfastness in duty, from the shepherd's dog? —*Young Folk's Catholic Weekly*.

## THE BOND

When I call my terrier by his name,  
Or join him at evening play;  
His eyes will flash with a human flame  
And he looks what he cannot say;  
For the bond between us two  
Is that between me and you!

Should a seraph sing in my ear tonight,  
Or a sweet-voiced angel come,  
Would poor speech prove my soul's delight,  
Or ecstasy drive me dumb?  
For the link 'twixt them and me  
Is long as Eternity.

Wide leagues our sentient forms divide  
The loftier from the mean;  
But soul to soul all planes are tied  
When sympathy lies between;  
And who shall say that the brute  
Is soulless, though mean and mute?

GEO. H. NETTLE in *Animals' Guardian*.

## DOG SAVED CHILD'S LIFE

A mongrel dog saved the life of three-year-old Jennie Schwartz, of Patchogue, N. Y., recently, at the sacrifice of his own. The child was playing in the road in front of the residence of her parents and the dog, belonging to a neighbor, was watching her. Suddenly a big automobile came tearing down the street at high speed. The chauffeur evidently did not see the girl playing in the road, but the dog was watching his little playmate and, observing the imminent danger to the child, he dashed to the rescue.

He shoved her with his nose out of the track of the on-coming car just in time to save her life, but not his own, for a heavy wheel of the machine passed over his body and he died a hero.

## STRONGEST ANIMAL FORCE

Ask ten persons what is the strongest animal force in the world and nine will reply that it is a blow from a lion's paw. The tenth man may have a checkered career and express the belief, based on experience, that it is a kick of a Missouri mule.

As a matter of fact, the blow of a whale's tail is incomparably the strongest animal force; a blow delivered by a full-grown whale placed at just the right distance would smash in the side of a wooden ship as though it were an egg-shell.

The second strongest force is the kick of a giraffe, and this terrible kick is very adequate protection to these otherwise helpless animals.

The stroke of a lion's paw comes third on the list.—*Harper's Weekly*.



BUNTIN, A BOSTON BULLDOG

## For Our Dumb Animals A KANSAS COLLIE



DOG at the Kansas State Agricultural College does the work of a man and there is no employe at that institution more trustworthy or better treated.

Fannie is the dog's name, and she is a Scotch collie. It is her daily duty to see that the cows are driven to pasture in the morning and brought back in the evening. There is no one who goes along

to see if she attends to business, for she is a most responsible sort of dog and nothing could harm the cattle when she has them in charge.

Just at the same time every evening, Leslie Ross, the Scotch herdsman, who is Fannie's master, gives a peculiar whistle, not because it is necessary to call the dog, as she is always ready and waiting, but to give the signal that it is time to drive home the cows. On the instant of that whistle she is up and away. She goes until she reaches the top of a hill near the barn, at the summit of which she never fails to stop and turn around to see if she is pleasing her master. Ross, who is watching, waves his hand as a sign that all is well and Fannie proceeds to round up the cattle.

It is not long before the cows are seen returning in their usual leisurely way. Back of them all is Fannie, urging them on.

Arriving at the barn Fannie's duties are not yet over. Near the entrance is the big crib that holds its tempting dainty of corn for the cows. As soon as Fannie sees that the cows are inside safely, she runs to the corn-crib and guards it. Woe to the person or animal who tries to get anything from that crib without Fannie's consent! There she waits until the cows are milked and the crib locked up. Then her tasks for the day are over.

Maybe Ross doesn't think a lot of his dog! She is of the purest Scotch collie strain, with all the faithfulness and intelligence of her distinguished ancestry. Fannie is true to her master and returns his love and kindness by doing her duty by him.

SADIE L. MOSSLER,  
Manhattan, Kansas.

## DOG HERDS 3,000 SHEEP ALONE

We have known and read of many wonderful deeds performed by dogs. Who has not? Volumes are filled with accounts of individual, canine heroes,—dogs in whom we may safely put more trust than in men. A report of a dog's devotion to duty, taken from an Oregon paper, has been sent to us for republication. It ought to put to shame every human reader who ever betrayed a trust or shirked a duty. Few instances of remarkable achievement are recorded that are more wonderful than the performance of this dog, as reported under date of June 7:

Left alone on Wagontire mountain with 3,086 sheep by the death of John Sagoiday, her master, whose death occurred from heart failure one night, a female shepherd-dog two weeks later delivered to Manual Saunders, owner of the sheep, 3,085 of the animals, having lost only one during two weeks of privation. The dog's achievement was carried out despite the fact that she was the mother of puppies only a few days old when her master died.

During the past year the number of dogs, exclusive of boarders, received at the Battersea Dogs Home in London was 26,905. About 1,600 lost dogs were restored to owners; new homes were found for 2,900; and some 22,000 were painlessly destroyed.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
Boston, July, 1911ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last page. All who send subscriptions and remittances are respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts which is published each month, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly notify us.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions will be given. TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at the special price of twenty-five cents.BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale in small or large quantities at greatly reduced prices. They are specially adapted for distribution at fairs and exhibits of all kinds.

## REGISTERING THE HORSE

Is he worth this trouble? City or town keeping track of him and indicating in some way his capacity for work, whether he should be set to hauling loads of one ton or three; whether he is fit for a full day's hard work or only part of a day? Then also licensing the driver—shall we not ultimately come to this, requiring of him evidence of his fitness to have the charge of so sensitive and valuable an animal as a horse? Is it fair for the state to allow an animal it is bound to protect to be subjected to the ignorance, carelessness, stupidity or brutality of every boy or man who may chance to be entrusted with driving a horse or caring for him?

The suggestion comes from one whose name we do not know. It is not an entirely new one. The plan would involve no little thought and careful working out of details, but it rather grows upon us. We think of what Jeremy Bentham, a great jurist as well as lover of animals, said so long ago, "Why should the law refuse its protection to any sensitive being? We have begun by attending to the condition of slaves; we shall finish by softening that of all the animals which assist our labors or supply our wants." We shall go even farther than this in time and guard far more carefully than now many of our animals from the possibilities of cruelty which at present are so largely disregarded.

F. H. R.

## DEHORNING CATTLE

We wish every farmer in the land could read what we are writing. It would, so far as farmers are humane and wise, save a vast amount of suffering and no little money. Leaving out of the account the whole question of cruelty in the dehorning process and the reasons assigned for depriving the cattle of these weapons of attack and defence, admitting the greater docility of the individual animal and the herd when hornless, why wait till dehorning must be done by methods that cause pain and involve expense?

In Ireland for a long time the requirement has been enforced, if we remember rightly, by law, that the growth of the horn be stopped in the calf. This is the simple operation: Take the calf at any time under two weeks of age, better under one week, moisten the slight bunches on the head where the horns are to grow with a little water, then rub these spots with a pencil of nitrate of silver, not breaking the skin but just irritating it till it becomes red. The calf will scarcely mind the sensation though it may shake its head occasionally for a few minutes. It will never develop any horns.

We have tried this experiment personally on a large number of calves, seen them drink immediately after it as if nothing had happened and watched them grow up hornless cattle. Any one who has witnessed the dehorning of mature animals cannot imagine a farmer or a dairyman ever permitting his young stock to be neglected till it becomes necessary to subject them to such an ordeal, when at no expense and in so painless a way the development of the horn may be stopped at its very beginning.

F. H. R.

## WHY AN ANIMALS' HOSPITAL?

For the same reason that we build a hospital for men, women and children. They have their sicknesses. They also suffer from disease and injury where medical treatment, or a skillful operation and good nursing can relieve pain and many times restore to health. One most estimable lady recently told us she had no interest in an animal hospital. "Why," said she, "try to keep alive a multitude of poor starving cats and dogs that would be better off dead than alive?" Nothing could be further from the purpose of such a hospital as we plan than the attempt to prolong the existence of wretched animals that should be mercifully put to death.

Those familiar with the facts know the hundreds of valuable animals in every large city that are taken sick and need the very best scientific care to restore them; dogs prized and loved, dogs that have cost their owners much money, dogs that no money could buy; cats that are household pets; birds that many a home has become attached to. Think also of the large number of horses, some of them worth to their owners many hundreds of dollars, that are taken sick and that proper treatment may save! One has but to go to the ordinary veterinary hospital to see the need of such institutions.

The thing we have in mind is a hospital where the animals of the poor as well as those of the well-to-do—animals that ought to live both because of their utility and the place they hold in human affection—can be treated by the best physicians who deem it not beneath their dignity to study the diseases of animals with the same care and painstaking effort to heal and restore that are given to human patients. Apart from everything that could savor of painful experimentation upon animals which would not be tolerated by us for an instant, there is a study of their diseases that in the field of comparative medicine may widen the physicians' knowledge of how to deal with disease wherever it appears.

For such a hospital as we are planning there is a real and growing demand. It is one of the signs of the world's progress that medical men, absolutely aside from the desire or purpose to experiment upon the animal, would give it the benefit of their training and scientific knowledge.

Do not be surprised if some day when you visit our hospital you find attendants in white linen suits who keep over each patient's stall or kennel a chart that tells of the various stages of the disease and that marks such matters as the rise and fall of temperature. Of this we assure you, it shall be no old-fashioned "horse-doctor's" stable, but a scientifically equipped and scientifically managed hospital where the words mercy and gentleness and kindness shall be written not only over its portals but in the heart of every one allowed to serve within its walls.

F. H. R.

## "I AM CAESAR"

The famous little dog that belonged to the late King Edward strayed away recently from Marlboro House and was lost. The royal residence was the scene of much anxiety and distress while the search was being made for him. He was brought safely back, however, because some one finding him read on his collar, "I am Caesar. I belong to the king." Few sights in the animal world excite more sympathy than that of a lost dog. There is an appealing, bewildered, troubled look in the anxious eyes not easily forgotten. Probably Caesar was no more rejoiced at being home again than the lost dog of the poorest man in London.

F. H. R.

## DOGS AND AUTOMOBILES

A chauffeur has discovered a means whereby dogs can be broken of their dangerous habit of running after automobiles. Having observed by personal experience as a hunter, that they are very greatly frightened by the hiss of a snake, he made a special device, imitating, but much magnifying, this hiss. The result was marvelous. The most hardened dog took at once to his heels.

—Revue Illustrée des Animaux.

## THE TWO MEN

## Taft

"Why will it not show more patriotism and more love of country to refuse to go to war for an insult, and to submit to the arbitrament of a peaceful tribunal, than to subject a whole people to the misery and suffering and burden of a national war? When books are balanced, the awful horrors of either internecine or international strife far outweigh the benefits that may be traced to it."—President Taft, Decoration Day Address, 1911.

## Roosevelt

"Arbitration is all right under favorable conditions. If I had trouble with one of you men we could readily settle it by appointing an outside party to arbitrate because we know that man won't slap either of our faces. If he does, we won't arbitrate. It is just the same with international arbitration. I believe in arbitration only on the understanding that international slapping of faces is not included. That is genuine peace talk."—Decoration Day Address, 1911.

F. H. R.

## HE IS NOT DEAF

Few animals surpass the horse in the keenness of his hearing, yet there are a multitude of drivers who yell and shout as if the horse in front of them with the delicate and sensitive ear were sixteen blocks away. We have sometimes been able to convey a sound to the horse we were driving which the person sitting beside us could not hear. The quiet, confident tones of the voice aid greatly in controlling the horse. We do not like drivers who never talk to their horses, though there used to be a driver of a six-horse team in Boston known as "Silent Jim." People stopped often to watch him handle his team in difficult situations, backing, cramping, turning around, without speaking a word. At any rate please remember, whoever you are who drive, that your horse has no need of an ear trumpet to hear you.

F. H. R.

## INCREDIBLE

It seems impossible to believe that there can be any truth in the following that comes as a special cable to the *Inquirer* by the New York Herald Company, but there are still people sufficiently pagan to be guilty of this criminal extravagance and wear such shoes without ever a thought of the life sacrificed to add to their personal adornment. Do they deserve our judgment or our pity?

According to a Bond street purveyor of footwear, women's shoes made of the breast feathers of humming-birds are the latest form of extravagance. They are valued at \$2,500 a pair.

It seems that these dainty little things are the creation of a Paris shoemaker and that it takes six months to make a pair. Many humming-birds are required to make one pair of shoes, as the tiny breasts must be stitched together to make a cloth of feathers. The effect is quite striking, the shoes gleaming with tones of red and gold mingled.

F. H. R.

## NEW USE FOR GUINEA-PIGS

A novel experiment has been tried in England in which guinea-pigs were substituted for the lawn-mower and weed killer on private lawns and golf grounds. These little animals clear a lawn of grass and weeds as closely as if a lawn-mower had been run over it. A low wire barrier is arranged around the lawn and a number of guinea-pigs are turned into the enclosure, or a passage made from their hutch to the lawn. According to an English paper, the animals attack at once all the worst weeds—the plantains first, then the dandelions and daisies. These broad-leaved plants, which no mowing-machine will touch, are killed by the persistent cutting of the guinea-pigs' teeth. When they have finished the weeds, which are broad-leaved and succulent, they proceed to the grass.

Remember that water is the first great need of animals in hot weather.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;  
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#### Prosecuting Agents in Boston

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Special Agent;  
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HARVEY R. FULLER.  
EDGAR F. COMEE, Night Agent.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

#### Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden and Hampshire Counties—  
DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 314 Main Street. Tel. 2494.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable and Bristol Counties—  
HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield, Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640. Night, Sunday, and holiday calls always answered.

#### Ambulance Always Ready

Someone is on duty at the main office at every hour of the day and night, including Sundays and holidays, and the ambulance for sick or disabled horses can always be had by calling our Massachusetts Society, Fort Hill 2640.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases, where they are unable to do so, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

#### FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

To those who will have them properly posted we send:  
(1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2) Placards cautioning all persons against overdriving, overloading, overworking, depriving of necessary sustenance and shelter, or inflicting any unnecessary cruelty upon any animal.

(3) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

#### ANIMAL RELIEF STATIONS

Nine free watering stations for horses were opened in Boston on June 15 by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. At each station an attendant will be on duty from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. during the three summer months.

That no annoyance or delay may be caused to the fire department, when needing connection at hydrants used by the Society, a patent attachment has been adjusted to each hydrant. This new device, the invention of Mr. Bernard F. Rogers of the water department of the city of Boston, removes the necessity of wrenches, couplings and other tools and makes it possible for water to be drawn through faucets at any time separately from what may be needed for fire purposes. Last year over 204,000 horses were watered at M. S. P. C. A. stations. Friends of the horse appreciate this service which seems to call for greater extension each succeeding summer.

#### ONE MONTH'S RECORD

Animals examined.....	4187
Number of prosecutions.....	31
Number of convictions.....	28
Horses taken from work.....	124
Horses humanely killed.....	81

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges these gifts for the new motor ambulance: Miss E. Annie Upham, \$200; Mrs. John E. Hudson, "J.F.T.," and Mrs. Ernestine May Kettle, \$100 each; Dr. F. P. Sprague and Mrs. A. C. Wheelwright, \$50 each. H. Fisher contributed \$100 to the Angell Memorial Building. General gifts include \$50 in memory of Catherine P. Beal, and \$50 each from John L. Stoddard and E. Pierson Beebe. Bequests received include \$5000 from Mrs. Rebecca A. Greene, Dartmouth, and \$70 (partial) from J. Nelson Trask, Orange. It has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Mehitabel C. C. Wilson and Mrs. Mary A. Follansbee.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$100 for the Angell Memorial Hospital from a New York friend.

Boston, June 21, 1911.

#### FEWER PROSECUTIONS

Our prosecutions are averaging less a month than a year ago. Does it mean less activity on the part of our agents? If it did we should change the situation immediately. It means, however, that out at the stock yards and in the horse-auction stables, and on the streets of Boston and vicinity men are keeping the law better than a year ago. It has become clearly recognized that a violation of the anti-cruelty laws, once detected, the punishment is sure and swift. Fines and punishments are not the objects the Society seeks, but the education of men into recognition of the law, respect for it and, at last, hearty conformity to it.

F. H. R.

#### NEW ELECTRIC AMBULANCE

The picture on our front page this month shows the new motor ambulance which has been received and put into service in Boston by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. It is the first regularly constructed motor vehicle for the transportation of animals ever built, the only one similar in the United States being an electrically-equipped ambulance made over from a horse-drawn vehicle and used in Philadelphia.

The new ambulance was constructed by the Commercial Truck Company of America, at Philadelphia, from designs furnished by President Rowley. It is larger than the usual animal ambulance, and contains the very latest improvements that veterinary skill can devise for the comfort of animals suffering from ills or accidents. It is equipped with the best known apparatus for handling disabled horses, having a low-hanging body with false floor mounted on rollers, which can be drawn out and pulled in by means of windlasses, the tail-gate being used as a runway. A complete set of tools is carried, including tripod for lifting animals from holes. The ambulance has been stationed near the centre of the teaming district of the city where emergency calls can be answered immediately.

This ambulance heralds the construction of the new free animal hospital which the Society is to erect as a memorial to the late George T. Angell. The demand for this new vehicle in Boston has been urgent for some time, and we believe that with it we will be able to do more efficient work than we have in the past.

#### PRESIDENT ROWLEY IN EUROPE

The President of our Societies and Mrs. Rowley have been the fortunate recipients of an invitation to spend a few weeks in France, England and Scotland, traveling in these countries by automobile. They sailed on the Amerika, from New York, June 8. Plans have been made whereby the President will have the opportunity under efficient guidance to inspect the abattoir systems of Paris and London, and also to study the actual management of the celebrated Animals' Hospital in London.

#### WORK-HORSE PARADE

Boston's Work-Horse Parade, May 30, 1911, was the greatest and most successful of all the nine that have been held. At least President Merwin says so, and he must know, for he has been the inspiring genius of the whole splendid undertaking from first to last. More than 1,300 horses were in line. By a new system of judging some two hours were saved, the procession beginning to move at 9.30 and the parade ending at 12.30. We congratulate Mr. Merwin upon the fine achievement and upon what he has done for thousands of horses, through this parade.

F. H. R.

#### WORK-HORSE PARADE NOTES

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. gold medal was won by a horse twenty-nine years old, that had been twenty-four years in the harness.

A mare that was bought for \$7.50 two years ago and is now valued at \$250 was awarded first prize in the "reconstructed" class.

Ned, thirty-seven years old, with twenty-six years of service, received first prize in the old horse class.

Several dogs and a kitten formed a new feature in the parade. Each wore a blue ribbon given by the Animal Rescue League.

The silver medal offered by The American Humane Education Society was won by a driver who has seen thirty-eight years of continuous service with the Jordan Marsh Company.

A first prize was won by a letter carrier, the only one to enter the parade, though there are thirty-five in the city having horses. The Association says officially that this is due to a meagre allowance of \$350 from the government for annual maintenance of horse and wagon.

#### BIRDS OF THE COMMONWEALTH

The following letter has been sent to our nearly four hundred local agents throughout the state:

Boston, June 8, 1911.

Local Agent, Mass. S. P. C. A.,

My dear Sir:—We are sending you today six Bird Cards which call attention to the law protecting these invaluable friends of us all, especially of the farmer, and which also offer our reward for evidence that will secure the conviction of any violation of the law with reference to the destruction of birds.

Should it be impossible for you personally to see to placing these where they will attract the most attention, will you not interest some young people in the matter and secure their cooperation?

We would suggest that a card be placed in the Post Office and one in the railway station, if this can be done, and that request be made of some prominent shopkeeper to allow one in his window. One or two also might be nailed upon trees, either on the highway or on private property, if you can obtain the consent of the police or of the owner.

The Society will greatly appreciate your assistance in its desire to protect the birds of the Commonwealth. The destruction of our birds has been responsible for no small part of the ravages of so many insect pests. I am,

Very truly yours,

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,

President.

#### WINS M. S. P. C. A. MEDAL

Master Anthony Nowacki of Webster was recently awarded a humane medal by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for rescuing a small dog from a sewer, into which it had fallen. At one place the sewer was so narrow the boy was forced to crawl through on his stomach and then back out, there not being room to turn around. The heroic lad is twelve years of age.

The George T. Angell Memorial Hospital for Animals, as a permanent institution, will plead continually for the cause for which he toiled incessantly.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose names are printed on the preceding page.

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see last page. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

#### EVERY SCHOOL ORGANIZED

Every school in the city of Washington, D. C., has been organized into Bands of Mercy, 950 having been formed, with a total membership of 34,000. Of these, 750 Bands were formed in the white, and 200 in the colored schools. This splendid work has been accomplished in little over a year by the Washington Humane Society, which employed two organizers constantly, one in the colored schools, the other in the white. All grades, with the exception of the kindergarten, were included. Preparations are already being made for the work next year, when special meetings are to be held, through the cooperation of the school authorities. In each school the Bands will gather in the assembly room at certain hours, and there be addressed by prominent humane workers.

The Washington Humane Society recently held a prize competition for the best essays on the humane treatment of animals. The prizes, eight in number, amounted to \$60, and were in gold coin. They were open to the seventh and eighth grades of the white schools, and to the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades of the colored schools. A large number of essays were submitted. President Hutchins of the Society made the awards at the closing exercises on June 21.

#### ANIMAL DAY IN AUSTRIA

An Animal Protection Day has been established in the schools of lower Austria. Since 1906 the Austrian School Animal and Plant Protection Society has been working towards this end. One day, either in May or June, is set aside annually for instruction in the protection of useful animals and plants. Excursions into the country are made, with a view to awakening a real interest and respect among the children for all forms of life. Although the day has the character of a holiday, its real object, the inculcation of a spirit of kindness and helpfulness, is constantly kept in mind.

#### DAWN OF A NEW ERA

"You are living in the neighborhood of great events," said President Huntington in his recent baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of Boston University. "Are you young people in touch, and have you kept in sympathetic relation, with the progress of the peace principle that is spreading its benign light among the nations today? You are near neighbors to this fact of our time. You are entering an era in the world's history that will, when thoroughly established, put to shame the long dark ages of strife, battle and slaughter which have marred the record of all nations."

"Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."  
MICAH.

#### HEAVY OIL INJURES HORSES

Passaic County, New Jersey, Officers Will Have Chemical Analyses Made

In reply to the following letter from the Passaic County District Society, we have written that no complaints of this kind have been received by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Thinking that other societies may be facing the same problem that led the Paterson organization to act, we are glad to give publicity to this desirable reform. President John Grossebauer says:

We beg to inform you that a number of our work-horses have suffered from coming into touch with the road dressing or oil which has been put on some of our roads. This seems to be particularly true of the heavy type of oil. The infection is very similar to the "scratches." It is extremely annoying and causes a burning sensation to any horse or animal affected. Wherever this oil touches, the hair is eaten off and the acid which seems to be in the oil creates open sores. We have found this infection on the horses' legs and in some cases on their stomachs. The latter was probably due to the fact that the horse was trotting while traveling on a newly-oiled road. We have brought the matter to the attention of our freeholders (county officers) who passed a resolution that the various firms figuring on road dressings about to be purchased were to submit samples which the freeholders are to have chemically analyzed, and they will not purchase anything in this line in future which will be injurious to animals. The dressings hereafter must be entirely free from any ingredients such as would be injurious to the health of animals. Not knowing whether you have experienced similar trouble in your territory we considered it wise to call your attention to this matter.

Perhaps you have had similar experience and if so we would be glad to hear what you have to say and what you can advise.

#### UTAH'S CRY FOR HUMANE WORK

Under the caption "Cruelty to Animals," the *Globe*, Garland, Utah, raises a protest in language so strong that we omit one or two words in republishing it here. Who will assist our American Humane Education Society in starting a vigorous campaign of humane education in Utah? All honor to Editor J. A. Wikom for agitating a local humane society for that state. In his paper, which is not "dictated to by any living soul," he writes:

Some inhuman wretch—not worthy to be called a man—devoid of all sense of humanity, wilfully and maliciously attached a tin can to a poor dog's tail (and that too with a heavy piece of wire) a few weeks ago in this city. That was the worst act of inhumanity that has been brought to the attention of the editor of this paper for years. We refrain from publishing details. However, for four weeks or more this poor starving, dumb brute has sought refuge in a lucerne patch, hiding from that terrible fiend—man, we'll call him—who caused the mental and physical wreck of the poor animal's constitution by his inhuman treatment to the helpless creature. Once or twice some children gave the poor dog something to eat, but the poor animal's body was wasted to a skeleton by trailing the can and seeking to avoid the presence of the monster—man. If there is a hell, and if there is to be consigned to that place of punishment any of the human family, may God in his wisdom choose first for that eternal pit the critters who are base enough to inflict injury upon the poor dumb creatures of God's great kingdom.

The time is ripe that this city, this county and this state should have a humane society that is just as vigorous in its fight against cruelty to animals as the state of Massachusetts, with Boston as its capital, the home of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Cruelty to animals is one of the world's worst sins, and may God hasten the day when inhuman beasts (called men) will have to answer and bear similar punishments they mete out to poor dumb animals.

There is no winter in the heart  
Of him who doth a kindly deed;  
Of what he gives he hath a part,  
And this supplieth all his need.

#### LIVE PIGEON SHOOTING

Agents of Firearms Companies Not to Take Part in or Attend

Several of the leading manufacturers of firearms and ammunition have forbidden their representatives to take part in live pigeon shooting. The Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven, Connecticut, was the first to adopt this more humane policy, whereupon the following concerns took similar action respecting their agents: Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co., United States Cartridge Co., American Powder Mills, and J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. It is believed that other companies will make the same requirement of their agents.

We are pleased to publish a letter addressed to President W. O. Stillman of the American Humane Association from Mr. F. G. Drew of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, who writes:

"Recently we have had several requests from our representatives for permission to attend and participate in live bird shoots and, in order that all our representatives will understand our feelings in this direction, we write at this time to say that we will not permit any of our representatives to participate in live bird shooting in any way, shape or form, nor do we want any of them to attend live bird shoots. By this we mean that our representatives will not be permitted to shoot live birds nor to attend shoots where this kind of shooting is done.

"If any of our representatives attend a regular clay bird tournament or shoot and after the target shooting is over a live bird shoot takes place, our representatives are to leave the grounds at end of target shooting and not be present when live birds are shot."

#### ANTI-CRUELTY STATISTICS

The American Humane Association announces that at the end of last year 415 societies for the prevention of cruelty were reported as active. These employed over 1,000 paid employees with over 7,500 volunteer assistants. The members and contributors to these societies were reported as numbering 117,442. These societies receive and disburse about a million and a quarter dollars each year. A few of the wealthier ones have endowments aggregating over two million dollars. Last year the number of children involved in the work was reported to be 171,799, and the number of animals involved as 1,347,185. There were nearly 32,000 prosecutions. The work in the anti-cruelty societies is constantly progressing and extending.

#### RESULTS NOT HERALDED

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is often made the target of ridicule and criticism. It is not easy for it to make known the results of its day-to-day endeavor to ameliorate the lot of dumb animals. Its beneficiaries are silent. The dog, the horse, the cat or the pigeon cannot voice their thanks. The good Samaritan who comes to their relief knows no reward but the "well done" of his own conscience. His deed and his name cannot become the household words of a neighborhood through the eloquent gratitude of his object or his tender ministrations. The horse or the mule "that hath no understanding" can only suffer in silence, and cannot ask us to come to his relief.—*Selected.*

#### APPEAL TO PARENTS

"O loving mother, put your child into the arms of Old Mother Nature and let her fill his heart with pure and innocent and holy thoughts! Teach the little one to love the woods and the fields, the flowers and the birds, and to call his horse and his dog his friends, and you have added to his capacity for happiness a thousandfold. Give him a glimpse of the wonders to be seen in the study of the animal creation, and you have opened out before him a field of interest and pleasure which a lifetime cannot exhaust."

For Our Dumb Animals by BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU, Auburndale, Massachusetts

## BIRDS AND THEIR BATHING



HE feet, feathers, and largely the food of ducks, geese, swans, and all other feathered web-footed bipeds, take them naturally to the water. In fact their principal business seems to be some sort of bathing.

We live in the rural section of the suburbs of Boston. We are on a corner lot. The house stands back from the sidewalk some thirty feet. Directly in front of the house is a hydrangea bush some five feet high. Its branches spread some five or six feet. It stands in the centre of a little plot about four feet square, which is kept entirely clear of weeds or any plants. Here the good mother of the home has caused to be placed a plain brick-colored earthen basin. The basin is about fifteen inches in diameter, and about an inch and a half deep, and will hold about two quarts of water. It has been in its place for several years, and always with the same results.

Just as soon as the migrating birds make their appearance the basin overflowing with clear cold

fore. Now and then a bird will go through this process three or four times, and then with a joyful chirp fly into a near-by maple-tree and arrange his feathers, and make himself just as nice as a bird can possibly be. And so this lovely work, this delightful enjoyment, goes on all day long. Some days well-nigh a hundred baths will be taken, or drink quaffed, from only this one basin.

The beauty of all this is that the various birds cluster around our corner. Last night the moon was shining and at two o'clock the birds were singing. Usually they commence in this month of June just after three o'clock, and the voice of bird song is heard all day long until the dusk of evening time brings repose to these tireless songsters.

The supreme wonder is that hundreds, even thousands, of suburbanites, who have front yards, and a suitable bush, and a suitable basin, do not give the birds a chance to take a bath. It all costs next to nothing, and the song of happy birds is surely a joy and comfort to all souls that are in harmony with the beauties of nature and sentient life.

Set out the basin, find the bush, give the birds a chance. They will repay all the trouble and expense a thousandfold.

For Our Dumb Animals

### TO THE MOCKING-BIRD IN CENTRAL PARK

[In Central Park, with hundreds of the different feathered tribes, is a lone mocking-bird. He is so sad and forlorn, so unlike the saucy songster that is seen in the southland! Every southern visitor has a word of sympathy for this little prisoner.]

I.

Little gray rebel captive—caught

In Northern clime with an alien band—

Mute and sullen with never a note

Of the wild free song of his native land.

II.

Little gray brother to southern skies

And the warmth and the blue of Georgian hills.

Where the hand of May in December's lies

And Winter brings roses and running rills!

III.

Here with his noisy prison-mates,

Sad and apart with drooping wings,

Does he live again that glad sweet life

In the dreams that only Memory brings?

HELEN DeLACY CONWAY,

New York City.

### ONE BOY'S INSPIRATION

A musician who is attracting wide attention in England, is a blind boy sixteen years old. Deprived of sight when he was ten years of age, he spent two years in darkness and despondency, from which he was aroused one morning by the singing of a canary bird. It occurred to him how limited was the bird's equipment for life, and yet how cheerfully and beautifully the little creature expressed the joy of its heart.

This was the boy's inspiration. He took up the study of the violin, and, remembering the debt of gratitude he owed to the canary, he tried his best to win the little yellow fellow's companionship. He practised on his violin close to the cage; the bird entered into the spirit of the thing, caroling his sweetest notes to the strains of the boy's music.

Finally the bird grew so tame, under kind treatment, that he would fly out of the open door of the cage, light on the blind boy's bow, and sing in unison, as the lad drew the bow across the strings. The boy has thus found not only a means of cultivating joy in his own soul and expressing it, but he and the bird are giving exhibitions at large profit, and the boy has found his means of livelihood.—*Young People's Weekly*.

Discourage nest-robbing boys, among your companions, and encourage in its place an intelligent interest in the living birds.

## OUR AMERICAN WARBLERS

By R. W. SHUFELDT in Recreation

WHEN last I lived in the country I made a great many photographs of birds from life. One day a school-boy, a very intelligent little fellow, who knew many of our birds well, brought me a beautiful living specimen of a small black-and-white bird that had been very slightly injured on the extreme tip of its wing. This wound soon healed, and in a few days I let my captive go, after I had made several natural-size photographs of it. One of the best of these is reproduced here. It is an adult male of one of our typical American warblers, which has long been known as the black-poll warbler, from the fact that the top of its head is jet black.

These warblers are strictly an American group of birds, and are not found in any other country. The whole assemblage number between seventy-five and eighty different kinds. This, however, includes some species so different from the one shown in the cut, that it is quite questionable whether they are true relatives. Of the true warblers, like this black-poll warbler, we have nevertheless perhaps some seventy species, and they vary but little in point of size, while they vary very decidedly in plumage and habits. Some inhabit the tops of the tallest trees, from which they rarely descend; others are trunk creepers; while still others are ground-loving species. Some are of very modest plumage like the one here shown, while others are brilliantly

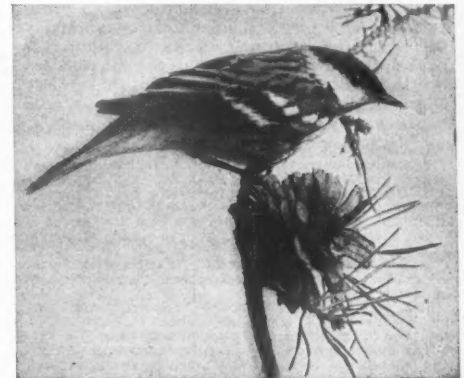


Photograph from Audubon Society

### PURPLE FINCHES

water is ready for them, and they do not fail to make use of it from early spring until late in the fall. Certainly there are more than a dozen varieties of birds that share, and manifestly enjoy the luxury. There are blackbirds, orioles, vireos, yellow-birds, scarlet tanagers, robins, sparrows of two species, catbirds, blue jays, woodpeckers of two species, and many other kinds.

Here comes Mr. Robin to take his bath. He comes with a rush, for evidently he knows where he is going, and what he proposes to do. Down he comes beside the basin, looks all around to see that things are generally right, no cats, dogs or children to disturb. Convinced that all is right he steps up onto the edge of the basin, looks all about once more, then takes a drop in his bill, looks all around again, takes several drops, looks around some more; then hops plumb into the middle of the basin, flutters his wings, flops his tail, ducks his head into the water, stretches up, shakes his head, looks around, then repeats the gymnastics and makes the water fly in all directions; jumps up, stands on the edge of the basin, looks all around, then looks at the water, thinks it too nice to quit with one dip, and so jumps in again and makes the water fly as be-



Courtesy of Recreation

### BLACK-POLL WARBLER

colored, the principal colors being various shades of blue, yellow, green, orange, red, chestnut, brown and bay, and these shades are frequently offset by intense black, while others have not a little white in their plumage. In the case of the majority of them their notes are of the most modest kind. Our warblers are not great singers as their name might lead one to suppose.

Thus from their habits, size, and comparative silence, these warblers are hardly at all known to the ordinary observer of our birds, who may at the same time be quite familiar with such birds as robins, blue jays, flickers, bluebirds, crows and other common forms. Yet these beautiful little warblers are very numerous in most localities every spring and autumn, and all being insectivorous in habit, they consume every year untold millions of harmful insects, and it is a fact beyond dispute, that were it not for their presence in the country, the carrying on of the greater part of our agricultural work would be an utter impossibility. Indeed, these little warblers are the best and most constant friends we have, and the debt we owe to them is very large.

### THE TRUE REST

Rest is not quitting

The busy career;

Rest is the fitting

Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis loving and serving

The highest and best;

'Tis onward, unswerving,

And this is true rest.



Founders of American Band of Mercy  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.  
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

#### PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

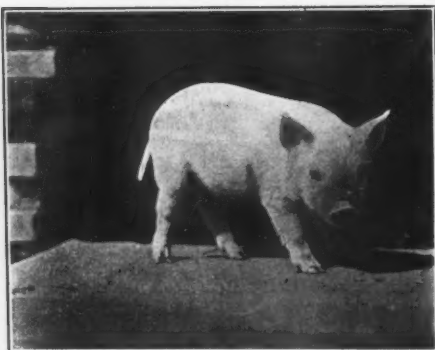
We are glad to report this month **nine hundred and thirty** new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of **eighty-one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight**, with probably **two and a half million** members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "How to Form Bands of Mercy" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
  2. Annual Report of our American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts S. P. C. A.
  3. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," and "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That are Dumb."
  4. "Does it Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.
  5. Copy of "Band of Mercy Melodies."
  6. The "Humane Manual," and "Exercises for Teachers and Pupils," used on Humane Day in the public schools of Massachusetts.
  7. Fifteen "Humane Education Leaflets," containing pictures and selected stories and poems.
  8. For the president, an imitation gold badge.
- The head officers of juvenile temperance organizations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.
- Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.
- Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band without cost, and receive what we offer above.

#### Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the pledge together. (See "Melodies.")
- 2.—Remarks by President and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST PET



#### RETURNING TO THE FOLD

Written for Claghorn School Band of Mercy Meeting, May, 1911, by MARY CRAIGE YARROW, Philadelphia

### WHAT OUR BANDS OF MERCY ARE DOING



**C**HILDREN must not think that there is nothing for them to do because they sometimes feel very small and weak, for the world needs their work just as much as it does that of the older ones, and most of you I am sure have heard the old verse which teaches so well the value of little things:

"For want of a nail a shoe was lost,  
For want of a shoe a horse was lost,  
For want of a horse a rider was lost,  
For want of a rider a kingdom was lost."

Broken glass, whenever seen, should be pushed out of the street and into the gutter, and banana and orange peel are dangerous to all that walk, and should never be dropped out of doors.

The Claghorn Bands of Mercy and the members of another band in this section of Philadelphia, although very young, are doing excellent work and deserve praise and encouragement. A number of cases of cruelty, principally on coal and ash wagons, have been reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the drivers have been warned not to let it occur again. In making these complaints, it is necessary to have the name and number on wagon, as nearly as possible the time, and also the place, and to be able to give very clearly and carefully the exact nature of the cruelty.

Several hundred copies of "The Horse's Prayer" have been distributed by Band of Mercy members and placed in stores, stables, etc.; anywhere, in fact, where they would be seen and read, and many have been given to drivers who have tacked them up in their wagons; and, in a large laundry, one has been placed in the stall of every horse, as a constant reminder to be kind. These children have also planned to take "The Horse's Prayer" when they go on their summer outings, and to have it put up wherever possible. Many are feeding birds, and this should always be done in places where it would not be easy for a cat to spring upon them while they are eating. Some have given me the names of very cruel boys, and I have mailed suitable literature to them and hope that good has been done in this way, as cruelty is so often thoughtlessness. Others have interested older persons in Band of Mercy work, who have signed the pledge card, and are wearing our button. One boy brought me the names of four helpers on express wagons as members, and we gave each a copy of "Black Beauty." Another boy comes to me for copies of "The Horse's Prayer" which he gives to a veterinary doctor, who passes them on where they will do great good, and he and a friend of his have been the means of starting Bands of Mercy in two schools where there were none.

Now that summer will soon be here we ought to remember how animals suffer when deprived

of water, and that a pan of fresh water should always be kept where they can go to it at any time, and some persons keep it in their gardens where the little birds can drink. There is a popular idea that parrots do not need much water, but this is altogether wrong, and a cup of it should always be in their cages.

When taking a stray animal from the street, do everything in your power to make sure that it is really lost, as dogs often go out to walk alone, although it is not very safe. So it is well to inquire at stores or houses nearby, and to try by every means to locate the owner. Not long ago, a very kind boy brought to me in his little express wagon, a cat which had been run over by a milk wagon and was badly injured. Another brought a cat which had been bitten in the throat by a dog; another rescued from the street a dog which was partially blind and lame, and one rainy evening two boys brought such a tiny, wet, shivering kitten, which other boys had been chasing with sticks and stones; its little head was hanging down and we thought it had been hurt, but after drinking some warm milk, it began to purr and went to sleep on a cushion.

Last summer at a hotel where I stayed, a kind family kept the pieces from their meals and put them into a paper, and the two little daughters took them to a homeless dog who lived under the hotel porch. How I wish you could have seen him enjoying one of those bountiful meals. He was not a bit fussy, but ate everything, and a large sweet potato for dessert, wagging his tail very gratefully. Just how Brownie, for this is his name, became a stray dog, is not known, but it is thought that he was left at Cape May by hunters because he was gun-shy. I wonder if you know what a terrible thing it is for a dog or any other animal to be gun-shy. It means that they start and tremble in terror at any sound like the report of a gun, and long to hide in a dark, quiet spot, and that they also suffer greatly during a thunder-storm, and that the Fourth of July is for them a day of terror. Brownie loves the beach at Cape May, and seldom goes into the town. He would probably have perished from cold and hunger this past winter except for his most devoted friend, a very kind lady, who carried warm food to him, and another who gave him a large box filled with straw to sleep in.

Let us all remember that the hearts of our dear, dumb friends are very tender and easily hurt, and especially should we remember this when we feel cross and out of humor. A kind word and gentle touch make them very happy, and they ask for so little and give us so much.

"Be kind, dear children, and you shall see  
Eyes look into yours so gratefully.  
Though lips speak not, there is language yet,  
Be kind."

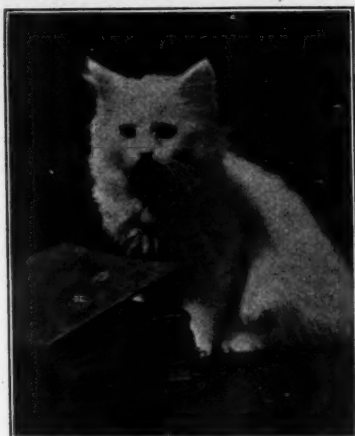
WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

## New Bands of Mercy

### With Names of Presidents

79764 Div. 1 Katherine M. Dwyer	79805 Div. 6 Sarah M. Mulligan	79845 Div. 3 Genevieve S. McNiff	79883 Div. 2 Maude E. Gooding	79921 Div. 3 St. Joseph's School
79765 Div. 2 Emma C. Midgely	79806 Div. 7 Katharine M. A. Brennan	79846 Div. 4 Hazel W. Woodman	79884 Div. 3 A. Louise F. Fitzsimmons	79922 Div. 4 Willing Helpers
79766 Div. 3 Belle Burton	79807 Div. 8 Edith R. Danielson	79847 Div. 5 Agnes K. Crofwell	79885 Div. 4 Anna D. O'Brien	79923 Div. 5 79924 Div. 6
79767 Div. 4 Mary D. Rickard	79808 Div. 9 Mary L. Gilday	79848 Div. 6 Eleanor B. Smith	79886 Div. 1 and 2 Faithful Defenders	79925 Div. 7
79768 Golden Rule Elizabeth J. A. Farrell	79809 Div. 10 Mary H. Seton	79849 Div. 7 Katharine E. Flynn	79887 Div. 3 Edna Schiller	79926 Div. 8
79769 Kind Helpers Elizabeth Schaffer	79810 Div. 11 Louise F. Donahue	79850 Div. 8 Susan R. Waters	79888 Div. 4 Blanche A. Moreau	79927 Div. 9
79770 Little Helpers Julia P. Ward	79811 Div. 12 Ellennora I. Murphy	79851 Div. 9 May C. Kennedy	79889 Div. 5 Margaret Robertson	79928 Div. 10
79771 Sunshine Martha E. Feeley	79812 Div. 13 Carrie J. Crowell	79852 Div. 1 Louise W. Pierce	79890 Div. 6 Amy Moies	79929 Div. 11
79772 Protectors of the Helpless Abby V. Barney	79813 Div. 14 Cassandra M. Pierce	79853 Div. 2 Eva R. Greenblat	79891 Div. 1 Agnes M. Bacon	79930 Div. 12
79773 Golden Rule Bertha M. Turner	79814 Div. 1 Laura I. French	79854 Div. 3 Helen Seabury	79892 Div. 2 Mary M. Campbell	79931 Div. 1
79774 Friends of the Animals Emma F. Read	79815 Div. 2 Marian A. Place	79855 Div. 4 Anna T. Wood	79893 Div. 3 Grace M. Parks	79932 Div. 2
79775 Little Helpers Alice A. Everson	79816 Div. 3 Adah S. Watson	79856 Div. 1 Phebe E. Wilbur	79894 Div. 4 Bertha A. Burnham	79933 Div. 3
79776 Div. 1 Theresa G. Furlong	79817 Div. 4 F. E. Watts	79857 Div. 2 Mary L. Adams	79895 Div. 1 Bessie E. Wilmarth	79934 Div. 4
79777 Div. 2 Mary E. Cashman	79818 Div. 5 M. E. Budlong	79858 Div. 3 Phebe E. Wilbur	79896 Div. 2 Rachel M. Fairbanks	79935 Div. 5
79778 Div. 3 Pauline E. Tingley	79819 Div. 6 Celia F. Cowing	79859 Div. 4 Irene Nickerson	79897 Div. 3 Anna Earle	79936 Div. 6
79779 Div. 4 Lucy L. Hurley	79820 Div. 7 A. L. Ring	79860 Div. 5 Bertha L. Feeley	79898 Div. 1 Evelyn M. Young	79937 Div. 7
79780 Div. 1 Immaculate Conception Sch.	79821 Div. 8 J. V. Parmenter	79861 Div. 6 Margaret Shia	79899 Div. 2 Mabel R. Easton	79938 Div. 8
79781 Div. 2	79822 Div. 9 S. L. Sweet	79862 Div. 1 Florence M. James	79900 Div. 3 Katherine G. Finn	79939 Div. 9
79782 Div. 3	79823 Div. 10 M. E. McMurrugh	79863 Div. 2 Helen F. Tracy	79901 Div. 4 Alice W. Budlong	79940 Div. 10
79783 Div. 4	79824 Div. 11 G. I. Stetson	79864 Div. 3 Cecelia Murray	79902 Div. 1 Elizabeth C. Hicks	79941 Div. 11
79784 Div. 5	79825 Div. 12 E. Gertrude Lyon	79865 Div. 4 Martha J. Hawkins	79903 Div. 2 Annie Davenport	79942 Div. 12
79785 Div. 6	79826 Div. 13 A. M. Potter	79866 Div. 5 Mary A. Farrell	79904 Div. 3 Edna F. Davis	79943 Div. 13
79786 Div. 7	79827 Div. 1 E. J. D'Arcy	79867 Div. 6 Marietta B. Billson	79905 Div. 4 Sarah Beattie	79944 Div. 14
79787 Div. 8	79828 Div. 2 C. M. Johnson	79868 Div. 7 Edith A. Huntsman	79906 Div. 5 Elizabeth C. Hicks	79945 Div. 15
79788 Div. 9	79829 Div. 3 E. T. Magnus	79869 Div. 8 Annie E. Walker	79907 Div. 6 Winifred A. Flood	79946 Div. 16
79789 Div. 10	79830 Div. 4 L. I. Brown	79870 Div. 1 Maud E. Young	79908 Div. 7 Anna E. Stevens	79947 Div. 17
79790 Div. 1 Etta May Wildes	79831 Div. 1 Janet Blinkhorn	79871 Div. 2 Grace L. Donnelly	79909 Div. 8 Annie C. Latham	79948 Div. 18
79791 Div. 2 Enna M. Budlong	79832 Div. 2 Mary A. S. Mugan	79872 Div. 3 Marion M. Hill	79910 Div. 1 Lulu N. Conland	79949 Div. 19
79792 Div. 3 Mary J. Quinn	79833 Div. 3 Emma Grant	79873 Div. 4 Elizabeth F. Adams	79911 Div. 2 Emma G. Whiteknast	79950 Div. 20
79793 Div. 4 Fannie P. Haskins	79834 Div. 4 Mary C. Greene	79874 Div. 5 Fannie M. Hamlin	79912 Div. 3 Elizabeth H. Tracy	79951 Div. 21
79794 Div. 5 Mary A. Dennegan	79835 Div. 5 Mary A. S. Mugan	79875 Div. 6 Mary E. McLoughlin	79913 Div. 4 Mary A. Thresher	79952 Div. 22
79795 Div. 6 Catharine L. Brown	79836 Div. 6 Margaret E. Sullivan	79876 Div. 7 Sarah A. Cowperthwaite	79914 Div. 5 Zita M. Bannon	79953 Div. 23
79796 Div. 1 Mary G. Walsh	79837 Div. 7 Florence E. Carpenter	79877 Div. 8 Anna J. Larrabee	79915 Div. 6 Mary Z. Mahan	79954 Div. 24
79797 Div. 2 Eva L. Gibbs	79838 Div. 8 J. V. Gearon	79878 Div. 1 Clara M. Arnold	79916 Div. 7 Annie E. Driscoll	79955 Div. 25
79798 Div. 3 Mary G. Halliwell	79839 Div. 9 Mary F. McTernan	79879 Div. 2 Mary F. McIlvain	79917 Div. 8 Lucy M. Bannon	79956 Div. 26
79799 Div. 4 Elizabeth G. Tally	79840 Div. 10 Sarah V. West	79880 Div. 3 Annie A. Barry	79918 Div. 9 Sarah A. Doyle	79957 Div. 27
79800 Div. 1 Rachel G. Linton	79841 Div. 11 Mary A. Gorman	79881 Div. 4 Annie F. Bowker	79919 Div. 1 Pawtucket, R. I.	79958 Div. 28
79801 Div. 2 Hannah M. Crocker	79842 Div. 12 B. R. Donahue	79882 Div. 1 Sara E. Goldsmith	79920 Div. 2 Sacred Heart Convent	79959 Div. 29
79802 Div. 3 Anna T. Farrell	79843 Div. 1 Elizabeth Holt			79960 Div. 30
79803 Div. 4 Weltha Farwell	79844 Div. 2 Rose L. Kelly			79961 Div. 31
79804 Div. 5 Agnes A. Foster				79962 Div. 32

79985 Rm. 9 Harriet Kelley	80029 Rm. 30 Mr. Earl Hanna	80073 Rm. 15 Blanche Beggs	80114 No. 3 Robert Berkelman	80153 Rm. 7 Jesse King
79986 Rm. 10 Emily Galbraith	80030 Rm. 31 Clara Schleuning	80074 Rm. 16 Lillian Johns	80115 No. 4 Ruth Carlson	80154 Rm. 8 Lillian V. Alter
79987 Rm. 11 Sara Carney	80031 Rm. 32 Marion McCracken	80075 Rm. 17 Emma Neuenhagen	80116 No. 5 Mita Anderson	80155 Rm. 9 Bertha Fagan
79988 Kindergarten No. 12 E. S. Gilliland	80032 Kindergarten No. 1 Marion Everson	80076 Rm. 1, Bd. 1 Miss Webb	80117 Wattersonsville Wattersonsville, Pa.	80156 No. 1 Sophie K. Hoffman
79989 Rm. 1 Mary Swan	80033 Kindergarten No. 2 Edna Mathews	80077 Rm. 1, Bd. 2 Miss Webb	80118 East Jordan East Jordan, Mich.	80157 No. 2 N. Belle Murry
79990 Rm. 2 Elizabeth Miller	80034 Seneca Max Short	80078 Rm. 2, Bd. 1 Miss Roseman	80119 Olmsted, W. Va. Olmsted Friendship Club	80158 No. 3 Mary M. Provost
79991 Rm. 3 Emma Hood	80035 Rm. 1 Gertrude Arras	80079 Rm. 2, Bd. 2 Miss Roseman	80120 Branch of Minn. Star Bd. Mrs. A. Cowgill	80159 No. 4 Pauline Loos
79992 Rm. 4 Stella Lietman	80036 Rm. 2 Sarah McIntosh	80080 Rm. 4, Bd. 1 Miss McShane	80121 Valley No. 1 R. J. Carroll	80160 No. 5 Mary M. Thompson
79993 Rm. 5 Cora Baldinger	80037 Rm. 3 Isabelle McDowell	80081 Rm. 4, Bd. 2 Miss McShane	80122 Eau Claire Eau Claire, Pa.	80161 No. 6 Mary M. Thompson
79994 Rm. 6 Jennie Adair	80038 Rm. 4 Leanna Sellers	80082 Room 5 Miss Taylor	80123 Bayless School Mrs. K. McNaughton	80162 No. 7 Jennie F. Burge
79995 Rm. 7 Margaret Adair	80039 Rm. 5 Sylvia Eickley	80083 Rm. 6 Miss McCrickert	80124 No. 1 Maurice Le May	80163 No. 8 Florence Schmidt
79996 Rm. 8 Mary Chisholm	80040 Rm. 6 Lillian Kambach	80084 Rm. 7 Miss Breitwieser	80125 No. 2 Olive De Roche	80164 No. 9 Mary Unks
79997 Rm. 9 Sarah Alkin	80041 Rm. 7 Nellie Weimar	80085 Rm. 8 Miss Vitchevstain	80126 No. 3 Wilfrid Bastien	80165 No. 10 M. G. Battles
79998 Rm. 10 Alice Morrow	80042 Rm. 9 Clara Heahn	80086 Rm. 9 Miss Fischer	80127 Bellaire Kenneth Keyser	80166 No. 11 Florence Garver
79999 Rm. 11 Etta Gilmer	80043 Rm. 10 Elizabeth Keller	80087 Rm. 10 Miss Davis	80128 No. 1 Cold Brook, N. Y.	80167 No. 12 Stella M. Husack
80000 Rm. 12 Cornelia Ecke	80044 Rm. 11 Anne Boggs	80088 Rm. 11 Miss McCombs	80129 No. 2 Kind and True	80168 No. 13 May Stark
80001 Rm. 13 Clara Bruggeman	80045 Rm. 12 Edna Heirah	80089 Rm. 12 Miss Verner	80130 Kind and True Roy Ingersoll	80169 No. 14 Maud G. Lewis
80002 Rm. 1 Mrs. William Reining	80046 Rm. 13 Margaret Prosser	80090 Kindergarten 13 Miss McConnell	80131 Willing Endeavor Humane Society	80170 No. 15 Mary Anderson
80003 Rm. 2 M. C. Roberts	80047 Rm. 14 Margaret Adams	80091 Rm. 1, Bd. 1 Mary Laughlin	80132 No. 1 Pittsburgh, Pa.	80171 No. 16 Edith Rea Stockton
80004 Rm. 3 Anna E. Jamieson	80048 Rm. 15 Annie E. Conrad	80092 Rm. 1, Bd. 2 Mary Laughlin	80133 No. 2 School No. 2	80172 No. 17 Mary Helen Sproul
80005 Rm. 4 N. E. Jeffreys	80049 Rm. 16 Margaret McDowell	80093 Rm. 2 Mary Durnin	80134 No. 3 Miss Mendal	80173 Rm. 1 Margaret L. O'Connell
80006 Rm. 5 Anna D. McClelland	80050 Rm. 17 Mary E. Laufer	80094 Rm. 3 Ruth Bird	80135 No. 4 Pittsburgh, Pa.	80174 Rm. 2 Bessie M. Dillon
80007 Rm. 6 Lyda Hausen	80051 High Sch. Class 18 Jean G. Haugh	80095 Rm. 4 Wilhelmina McDonnal	80136 Rm. 1 Anna J. Krebs	80175 Rm. 3 Gertrude M. McDermott
80008 Rm. 7 Mary E. Herdman	80052 Class 19 Mrs. M. B. Redman	80096 Rm. 5 Elizabeth Mathews	80137 Rm. 2 Miss Mendal	80176 Rm. 4 Della A. Lyons
80009 Rm. 8 Miss M. M. Swan	80053 Kindergarten No. 1 Maud J. Walker	80097 Rm. 6 Martha McCaffery	80138 Rm. 3 Nellie G. Dialer	80177 Rm. 5 Katherine A. Horan
80010 Rm. 9 Margaret A. Born	80054 Kindergarten No. 2 Henrietta Lingenfelter	80098 Rm. 7 Nora Collins	80139 Rm. 4 Mary E. Black	80178 Rm. 6 Margaret Lowthers
80011 Rm. 10 Nannie M. Knobloch	80055 Rm. 1, Bd. 1 Prof. J. M. Hammond	80099 Rm. 8 Esmeralda Yellig	80140 Rm. 5 Frankes Kenneweg	80179 Rm. 7 B. C. Connelly
80012 Rm. 11 Miss E. P. Wieland	80056 Rm. 1, Bd. 2 Ellen Landstrom	80100 Rm. 9 Mary Doran	80141 Rm. 6 Emma Hazlett	80180 Rm. 8 Margaret E. Welsh
80013 Rm. 12 Lillie J. White	80057 Rm. 2, Bd. 1 Edna Hartlep	80101 Rm. 10 Katherine Snelsire	80142 Rm. 7 Margaret Williamson	80181 Rm. 9 Leah Wolfe
80014 Rm. 14 Margaret P. Given	80058 Rm. 2, Bd. 2 Anna Highley	80102 Rm. 11 May Wightman	80143 Rm. 8 Amy A. Gardner	80182 Rm. 10 Mae Vates
80015 Rm. 15 Miss Reutch	80059 Rm. 3, Bd. 1 Mary Lewis	80103 Kindergarten No. 1 Mr. Thomas Wilkinson	80144 Rm. 1, Bd. 1 Helen Drew	80183 Rm. 11 Sadie Bruce
80016 Rm. 16 Olive Wagner	80060 Rm. 3, Bd. 2 Mary Lewis	80104 Kindergarten No. 2 Mrs. Johnson	80145 Rm. 1, Bd. 2 Helen Drew	80184 Rm. 12 Lulu N. Cunningham
80017 Rm. 17 Lillian Walter	80061 Rm. 4, Bd. 1 Catherine Fallon	80105 Union Euer Russell	80146 Rm. 2, Bd. 1 Florence Cassidy	80185 Rm. 13 Miss Dette
80018 Rm. 18 Miss M. G. Eggers	80062 Rm. 4, Bd. 2 Catherine Fallon	80106 Young Defenders Edgar W. Sommerville	80147 Rm. 2, Bd. 2 Florence Cassidy	80186 Rm. 14 Jennie Mellon
80019 Rm. 19 Mr. Lindsey Brown	80063 Rm. 5 Margaret Evans	80107 Oneota John Gillis	80148 Rm. 3 Nora A. Barry	80187 Rm. 15 Myrtle Brown
80020 Rm. 21 Florence Place	80064 Rm. 6 Nan Morgan	80108 Friends and Helpers Cecelia Sass	80149 Rm. 4, Bd. 1 Clara Sellers	80188 Rm. 16 Nellie A. Grant
80021 Rm. 22 Mr. Edwin Bell	80065 Rm. 7 Lena Davies	80109 Friend of the Helpers John Early	80150 Rm. 4, Bd. 2 Clara Sellers	
80022 Rm. 23 Mr. Wade English	80066 Rm. 8 Linnie Isler	80110 Sharon Animal Club Mamie Loucks	80151 Rm. 5 Mrs. Anna Barr	
80023 Rm. 24 Mr. Jos. Lytle	80067 Rm. 9 Amanda Cready	80111 Henry B. Hill Mr. Frank Cook	80152 Rm. 6 R. M. McCandless	
80024 Rm. 25 Sara Schlag	80068 Rm. 10 Mary Anderson	80112 No. 1 Euselle Blais		
80025 Rm. 26 Edith Deverts	80069 Rm. 11 Elizabeth Philson	80113 No. 2 Louis La Fex		
80026 Rm. 27 M. E. Cooper	80070 Rm. 12 Mary L. Reitz			
80027 Rm. 28 Oscar Ahlers	80071 Rm. 13 Elizabeth Becker			
80028 Rm. 29 William Hennig	80072 Rm. 14 Catherine Brunner			



### HOW A CAT SHOWED KINDNESS

**I**T is not often one looks to our younger brethren, the animals, for examples of practical brotherhood, but I remember very distinctly one act of kindness on the part of a cat which would put many of us to shame when we think of the many opportunities we let go by because there is not sufficient interest in our fellow-beings to rouse in us a response even to most pressing needs. It happened when I was a boy. I was very fond of birds and animals; and from time to time kept, and cared for, some pet or other. This cat had come into the house a stranger, and to induce it to stay I promptly buttered its paws, for the saying is that if you can get a cat to lick its paws and wash itself in the house it will at once settle and make its home there. The cat and I became constant friends.

One day the maid came to me in distress, "Oh! Master Sydney, the cat is in the kitchen looking so ill and won't touch its food." I went at once to the kitchen to see what was the matter and found the cat had got a piece of bone, from the breast of a fowl upon which it had been feeding, firmly wedged into the roof of its mouth.

Trembling with excitement for fear the cat would bite or scratch me, I removed the bone with the handle of a small spoon, and it never forgot this act of kindness afterwards, but always looked on me as a friend in need. Now at this time I kept two white Java doves that were nesting, and though my cat would not molest them, they were often disturbed day and night by other cats. It worried me very much to see them constantly watched by the green eyes, and one day seeing a cat prowling around I was seized with the sudden impulse to kill it; so, going upstairs I took my big brother's revolver, and taking aim from the window, fired. The cat ran away and I was under the impression that I had only frightened it.

Two days after, however, my cat came to me very worried, constantly pawing me, then turning to go, as much as to say, "Do please come with me." At first I did not understand, but as the cat was so persistent I at last got up and followed it into the garden. It led me down the path to some planks that were leaning against the wall, constantly stopping on the way to see if I was following, and mewing plaintively.

Behind the planks I followed; when to my surprise I found the cat that I had shot at, lying there dead.

I had shot it through the back. My cat always relied on my help and no doubt had solicited my aid on her friend's behalf, little knowing that it had died at my hand and as a result of my cruelty. I sometimes think and wonder: "Will my cat ever find out, and will it then place the same trust in me as before?"

I cannot quite feel that I deserve even my cat's good opinion and regard, but I do hope that all animals may feel that they may safely look to me for help and care, and give me other opportunities to follow my cat's example of consideration for others.—S. D. O. in *Lotus Journal*.

### For Our Dumb Animals

#### A PLEA FOR BEES

How many poor bees meet an untimely end through entering open windows! They are usually allured thither by the gay blossoms on house plants. It seems a strange fact that these very ingenious little insects are rather dull in this particular, and cannot find the way out by which they entered. Sometimes the energetic housewife hears the "horrid little thing" buzzing on the window-pane, and fearing that some member of the household may be stung, dispatches the victim with a vigorous slap of her duster. More often the old superstition that a bee foretells a visitor or news, has the effect of keeping the good omen a prisoner, lest to drive him out might defer the expected guest or letter. The result is that after battling for a few days to regain liberty, the starved little body is found on the sill or floor.

A very simple method for sending the intruder to his home is to select from the garden a long-stemmed, sweet-scented flower. When held to the window, the bee instinctively seats himself in this little floral carriage from which a friendly hand shakes him onto the wings of the breeze. If the visitor persists in fluttering about an upper pane, the blossom may be tied to the end of a walking-cane or umbrella with good results. To watch a liberated bee flying back post-haste to flowers or hive is a glad sight, and one may readily imagine how much news it has to communicate to its fellow-workers, not without a warning to "keep away from the glass."

EDITH M. RUSSELL,

Dartmouth, N. S.



#### UNUSUAL COMPANIONS

A strange romance in animal life was ended recently by the hand of a stable-man at the Rainy Mountain Indian School at Gotebo, Oklahoma, when he killed an old gray rat which had long been a friend and companion of the school cat.

The rat was comparatively tame and seemed to be greatly attached to the cat. When the cat entered the stable the rat would come out of hiding and the two would play together. The cat slept in a corner and the rat was often seen taking a rest beside the cat.

The stable-man saw no romance in such friendship between hereditary enemies, and taking advantage of the confidence of the rat, whose long immunity from danger had blinded it to harm from human hands, killed it.

#### CAT SAVED FROM SEA

An English naval officer, Engineer-Lieutenant Webber, recently risked his life to save that of a battleship's cat, which had fallen overboard, while the ship was in the Indian Ocean. The officer is attached to His Majesty's ship High-flyer, flagship of the East Indies squadron, and jumped from its quarter-deck while the tide was running at four knots an hour. He rescued the cat, but narrowly escaped drowning.

Don't abandon your cat when moving.

#### THE WAIL OF THE CAT

My master's off to seek the woods,  
My lady's on the ocean,  
The cook and butler fled last night,  
But where, I've not a notion.  
The tutor and the boys have skipped,  
I don't know where to find them;  
But tell me, do they never think  
Of the cat they've left behind them?

I haven't any place to sleep,  
I haven't any dinner,  
The milkman never comes my way;  
I'm growing daily thinner.  
The butcher and the baker pass,  
There's no one to remind them.  
O, tell me, do they never think  
Of the cat they've left behind them?

The dog next door has hidden bones,  
They're buried in the "arey";  
The parrot's boarding at the zoo,  
And so is the canary.  
The neighbors scatter, free from care  
There's nothing here to bind them;  
I wonder if they ever think  
Of the cat they've left behind them?

EDITH BURTON HENSON.

#### MAN'S RESPECT FOR ANIMALS

If we have any belief at all in a difference of moral faculty between ourselves and the animals we must recognize that we are, so far as our powers over nature will permit, overseers of other forms of life upon the earth, not merely for our own advantage, but for the good of the universe. We cannot deny that the struggle for life exists and that we must take part in it and do our best to destroy those forms of life which are hostile to ourselves. We cannot go so far in respect for life as to found a society for the prevention of cruelty to bacilli. But at the same time our respect for life is a sign of our triumph, however imperfect, over the struggle for life; and the greater this respect becomes the more we are men conscious of the promise and significance of all life and the less we are beasts involved in the blind waste of nature.

Very slowly and imperfectly this sense of the promise and significance of all life grows in us. It is not only an intellectual but rather a religious and emotional idea. It appears first in men like St. Francis with a prophetic sense of a nobler state of being. From them it is communicated by the beauty of their example, rather than by argument, to other men; and perhaps when it has become a matter of course in all civilized human beings we shall find that it is of practical value and it will attain to a scientific justification.—London Times.

#### CAT PURSUES DEER

A large Angora cat owned by E. J. Dowd in East Lee, Massachusetts, acts as a watch-dog and puts to flight all four-footed intruders. Early last spring three deer, including a large buck, invaded the premises occupied by Spot, the cat. The owner states that his doughty cat immediately singled out the buck and pursued him some two hundred yards, both disappearing over a hilltop. The cat has been taught to drive cows and to perform many other useful acts.



## Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for May, 1911

Fines and witness fees, \$214.70.

## MEMBERS AND DONORS

B. R. Banning, \$100; C. C. Wilder, \$100; In memory of Mrs. Catherine P. Beal, \$50; John L. Stoddard, \$50; "B. F.," in memory of Bose, Tiger—Ranger and Rover, friends of my childhood and Socrates, Stray and Spotter, friends of my later years," for the Angell Memorial Building, \$35; Miss Tyra C. Lundberg, in behalf of the Alpha Pi Society, \$10.50; Miss Julia Lyman, \$10; Mrs. J. A. McKie, \$3; Mrs. O. N. Moore, \$3; George Z. Dean, \$3.

## FIVE DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. H. E. Robbins, Mrs. T. W. Nickerson, Mrs. L. W. Pratt, No name, Springfield, H. Phippen, M. D., Miss Harriet S. Tolman, Miss H. K. Timson, for Angell Memorial Building, Miss Mary P. Bacon, for watering horses, Mrs. Robert Cluett, Mrs. F. N. Stearns, Mrs. C. M. Campbell, Harrison W. Smith, H. A. Stoddard, "A friend," for watering horses, Mrs. E. F. Wilkinson, Miss Emma C. Watkins.

## TWO DOLLARS EACH

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